



new york—did you ever step on a gurl's foot & apöllergize to her & get verry red in the faze because she gave you such a meen kind of a look like as if to say, you grate big cldmsey boob, why dont you walk on your own feet??

(i get it that when you slip over 2 kweshuns in 1 mouthful of talk you put in 2 of these ?? things)

well a brite lad busted into the lexington ave car the other A. M. and he was in such a hurry to get up to a vacant seat in front that he tripped over a purty gurl's feet what was sticking out in the isle

the gurl jumped up kwick and said, i dont see why some peepel dont take the trubbel to look where they are going, and she gave the guy a awful look

any nother man would have mumbled about being sorry & beat it away but this feller didnt do no such thing, he pulled the niseest kind of a play i exer herd

he says to the gurl, if your feet were larger perhaps i wood have notised them & the aksident would have been avoided, but they being so small it is no wonder that i stepped on them

the gurl smiled
everybody else smiled

1 feller yelled out loud, pin a rose on that lad

THE WORST OF ALL

Son—Despots don't get much comfort out of life, do they, pa?

Father—Well, your mother seems tolerably happy.

AIN'T NATURE WONDERFUL!



Mustaches

A mustache is an over-fed-eyebrow—that is, some of them are.

The ones on young Romeos are like payday and Saturday afternoon—they're a long time coming, and when they do arrive, after much praying, coaxing and farming, they look like a toothbrush that was horrifically beaten up by dandruff and then pounced on by a drove of moths.

There are two reasons for these "first voters" cultivating "shadows." They're either in love (anything will happen in that state) or 'the "sprouts" help to fill up a vacant portion of the mug like a shade tree on the front lawn.

When the mustache becomes white, a beautiful autumn effect can be had by drinking coffee or by gnawing cut plug.

IT TOOK TIME

Doctor—Well, Patrick, how are you feeling today?

Pat—Oh, doctor, I feel worse than ever.

Doctor—What! Didn't you take the pills I gave you?

Pat—Of course, but I'm not sure if the lid has come off the box yet.

PREPAREDNESS

Rector (going his rounds)—Fine pig that, Mr. Dibbles; uncommonly fine!

Contemplative Villager—Ah, yes, sir; if we was only all of us as fit to die as him, sir!